

## Chapter 186

"Patrick is at Golden. A Club..."

The woman was standing on the balcony of the small apartment, holding her cell phone and talking to someone seriously. She was a little agitated, and her left hand was pinching the succulent plants.

"I want to stay at my friend's house these days..."

"Oh, I'll be careful..."

As the owner of the apartment, Crystal could only stand there expressionless and watch Christina ruthlessly pinching her succulent plants. "Why did she have to come to my place?"

"Be gentle with my plants!"

Just as She was about to remind her, Christina said in a serious tone, "Barbara is with him!"

In an instant, a small leaf of the plant was pinched off.

"Christina, you ungrateful woman!"

Seeing that she had hung up the call, Crystal immediately scolded her fiercely.

"I'm sorry."

Christina was in a bad mood. She glanced at the poor little plant, apologized insincerely, and walked into the house.

Crystal didn't really blame her for abusing her plants. Instead, she began to worry that Christina was in a bad mood and that she would be harmed by her.

Crystal immediately followed her nervously.

"Christina, did you just tell Old Master Mr. Hopkins on Patrick?"

Crystal raised her eyebrows and looked at her. She had just heard Christina reporting Patrick's current position to Old Master Mr. Hopkins and let him deal with his grandson. She was indeed insidious.

Christina did not change her expression and ignored her. She then opened the refrigerator to look for

food.

"Did that Old Master Mr. Hopkins really agree to let you live in my house?"

Christina took a bottle of fresh milk from the fridge and said calmly, "Yes, please take care of me in the next few days."

Crystal was helpless when she heard that.

However, Crystal was surprised to see that she put the frozen milk on a small pot on the electric stove and heated it.

"Oh, you have been in Hopkins Family for a long time. And you become so particular about your food?"

Christina picked up the warm milk and drank it directly. "I can't eat and drink raw or cold food."

Crystal felt that after she married into Hopkins Family, she changed a lot, but she didn't seem to notice it.

After then, Crystal cooked two bowls of sausage and tomato noodles. She brought the noodle to the living room. The two of them did not have so many rules. They sat cross-legged on the blanket and ate on the coffee table.

"Crystal, have you found the job?"

"I still have some savings. Tomorrow, I will go to a big company in the west of the city for the secondary interview. I should be able to enter..."

They chatted casually as they nibbled on the noodles.

"Christina, we'll go to the department store later and get some fresh ingredients. We're almost out of eggs, beef and milk. We're going to stock up on some stuff. By the way, that department store has been offering discounts on a lot of items for its anniversary. I have coupons."

Crystal put down her chopsticks and excitedly went to look for the coupons in her bag to check if they were expired...

"That's great. With these coupons and the discount, I basically get the food for free!"

Christina, on the other hand, was very

quiet, listening to her talk about the daily necessities she wanted to buy.

"What, You marry into a rich family and start to disdain the life of an ordinary citizen like me?"

After finishing the noodles, they packed up and held the car keys, drove to the department store.

"No, I think your life is great."

Christina sat in the passenger seat, and she said calmly.

When she and Betty left the Dickens Family, they just wanted to live a simple life, happy life. It was very ordinary but precious life.

She and Patrick had never lived like

that.

Crystal drove her car smoothly and suddenly laughed. "You want Patrick to go shopping with you, buy food and fish. Hahaha, I can't even imagine that scene."

With Patrick's background, he would not spend his time on such trivial matters. He could just ask the cook to make whatever he wanted to eat.

"He cooks. He knows how to cook noodles and make soup."

"Really?"

Crystal drove the car to the underground parking lot of the department store. After stopping steadily, she turned around and looked



at her with disbelief. "Is he so omnipotent?"

Christina remembered the time when he fried soft-shelled crabs for her and was scolded by Old Master Mr. Hopkins for his lack of common sense. The pregnant women couldn't eat crabs. Her eyes were full of delights. But she pretended to complain, "Maybe it was his little hobby when he was bored."

Crystal saw that the happiness in her eyes. It was clear that she cared about Patrick.

"Are you really going to stay with me for the next few days and ignore him?" She heard that Patrick seemed to be sick.

"Yes."

Christina grunted perfunctorily and dragged her into the mall. When they were checking out, She threw out a credit card with great pride.

"I want to use this credit card." It was Patrick that gave her.

Crystal was happy to see it happen. Since Patrick was so rich, she would be stupid not to use his card.

At the same time, Crystal was relieved that Patrick and Christina merely had quarrel and they would be fine sooner or later.

If Christina was not familiar with someone, she wouldn't spend his money. If she was familiar with

someone, she would treat him with sincerity.

"I'll cook dinner tonight."

Crystal was surprised. "I don't think I've offended you lately, do I?"

"I can cook some simple dishes. Don't view the food I cook as poison! I am not that useless!" They brought back two bags of ingredients.

When Crystal saw that she was really serious about marinating meat in the kitchen, she sensed some disappointment when Christina said she wasn't useless.

She knew that Christina had been bothering about 'mistress' lately.

She didn't know what Barbara had said to her. But judging by her current situation, she must have provoked her. Or else Christina wouldn't be bothered by her so much.

Crystal thought about it and gave her a suggestion. "That Barbara is hard to deal with since she can become a regional manager. When the child is born, you can find a chance to let Patrick kick her out of the company!"

Since she was the best friend of Christina, Christina's enemy was her enemy.

Crystal stirred the marinade sauce expressionlessly. Suddenly, she exerted too much force and the sauce splashed all over the floor.

"I've received two messages in the past few days, both about Barbara..."

She went to get a mop to clean up the sauce on the floor and showed the messages to Crystal. "Patrick defended Barbara twice, but who else would it be but her!" She was a little angry.

Crystal glanced at her phone. "He blamed you for going out on your own and said you didn't get hurt anyway."

"But Barbara lied. I don't know if she was playing a prank to get me to make me argue with Patrick, or if she was up to something."

"This looks like a prank. You didn't get hurt for the time being. But..."

As she spoke, Crystal remembered

something. "By the way, I remember that a fake base station can forge numbers to call and text users..."

"What? Really?"

"I'm not sure, but you really should talk to him about it, lest something bad happens in the future."

## Chapter 187

In the middle of the night, there were some noises in the room.

She opened her eyes. The room was only lit up by a faint light. In the dim light, she was immediately shocked to see a dark shadow standing near the head of the bed.

Crystal saw clearly the side profile of this shadow and shouted, "Christina, Are you supposed to be sleeping. What are you doing here?"

"I was frightened by you. Do you know that!"

She was used to living alone. When she opened her eyes and saw this girl sneaking around by her bed, she was

terribly scared.

Crystal was very resentful.

"Mmm..." Miss Dickens replied perfunctorily, looking absent-minded.

It was late autumn, and the night wind outside the window was chilly.

with widened eyes, Crystal watched the woman standing up and walking to the window to catch the night breeze!

"Christina, I can't let my godson catch a cold!"

Crystal was very considerate even though she was complaining, and she noticed that Christina had a cell phone in her hand. Who was she going to call?



"... A woman who doesn't mean what she says."

Suddenly, Crystal did not bother to talk to Christina anymore. She rolled over, and continued to sleep with her head covered.

On the other side of the window, Christina was a little tired, her hands were half-resting on the side of the window rafters, looking down at the dark area under the high-rise apartment building, where only a few streetlights stood, no pedestrians, no dynamism at all. It was quiet and lonely at this time.

Such a peaceful night was suitable for deep sleep.

But she couldn't sleep.

Holding the phone in her right hand, she glanced at the familiar number on the screen and stared at it for a long time...

"Patrick..."

With a low murmur, she touched the number she was about to dial.

Suddenly, she thought of something and turned to look at Crystal who was sleeping on the bed on the other side. She remembered that Crystal had to go for an interview tomorrow morning. She didn't want to disturb her in the middle of the night.

Holding her cell phone, she walked quietly out of the room.

Turning on the light in the living room, she quietly sat on the small sofa and looked around. This elegant yellow sofa, the pillows with the cartoon figures of SpongeBob SquarePants and Totoro, three watercolor art paintings hung on the easily decorated white wall, and the small round table opposite which they used for dinner. These brought a warmth of home.

At home.

After some hesitation, she finally picked up her cell phone and dialed it.

"What's wrong with Patrick?"

The call was indeed made, but it was forwarded to Charles.

It was early in the morning, and for Mr.

Shepherd, who was used to nightlife, it was not disturbing. He was wide awake.

"He's fine."

As usual, he was reluctant to talk about Patrick's personal affairs, but Charles's voice was low tonight.

"Did you tell grandpa that Patrick was at golden.A Club?" He asked.

In fact, Charles was almost certain that Christina had leaked the news. He heard from the head of the club that this woman suddenly came in the morning and was finally kicked out by Patrick. It must have been her 'revenge' when grandpa suddenly took actions in the afternoon.

ne woman on the other end of the  
none didn't reply. She was very quiet  
night.

Charles was somehow not used to this.  
He pursed his lips and said, "Grandpa  
came by himself at three in the  
afternoon..."

"Grandpa himself?" It surprised  
Christina.

The old man didn't like to go out. He  
usually just sent people out...

She became more disturbed. She then  
said word by word with accents,  
"Charles, what exactly is wrong with  
Patrick?"

"He's not sick!"

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Charles's voice was a little loud, and the cigarette in his left hand was impatiently extinguished by him, "Christina, listen carefully. Patrick is not ill."

"He's... He's fine now,"

He hesitated for half a second, then took a deep breath and explained calmly, "Grandpa came over personally this afternoon. If there is really something wrong with Patrick, how can grandpa let him go so easily? Patrick is really fine."

At least for the time being.

Charles was different from Patrick and Chandler. He thought he didn't have such sophisticated skills in calculating and scheming. He could always coax

women with a smile, but he wasn't good at lying.

Through the phone, there was silence.

After a long time, Christina said in a low voice, "Then why did he chase me away..."

She sounded neither angry nor jealous.

She said softly and was just worried about him.

"That day, Patrick returned home on schedule. I heard that the flight was delayed, then he and Barbara went to the nearby business street to buy things. Barbara found out that he was probably too tired and didn't look very well, so they just postponed their return for a day."

Charles really didn't want to talk too much to her. Half of what he said was true and half false.

At this point, he did not quite understand it either.

The doctors in Seattle urged him over and over to stay in the hospital for observation, but Patrick insisted on going back to the country immediately.

What was the matter with him rushing back all of a sudden?

Patrick was very tough this time. He did not allow anyone to interfere, including them and Old Master Mr. Hopkins.

The more this happened, the more



unusual he felt.

"Christina, let me ask you something..."  
Charles held the phone and lowered  
her voice unconsciously.

"What is it?"

"Your padauk box..."

What?!

Before she could hear him clearly,  
Christina was stunned. She then  
looked at the phone that had been  
hung up for no reason.

"What exactly did Charles want to  
ask?"

"Patrick suddenly went out."

The sound of eager footsteps came this way, and Charles immediately hung up his phone. He looked up and sighed with relief. Fortunately, it wasn't Patrick.

But the woman who came running in didn't look so relaxed. Barbara told him anxiously, "Just now, Patrick received a phone call. He had a palm-sized padauk box in his hand and drove to F City without bringing any bodyguard with him..."

... The wooden box belonged to Christina.

Charles was calm and was thinking some things. So he didn't answer.

"Charles, you and grandpa already knew about Patrick's illness. Why

aren't you worried about him? You even hid it from me. If I hadn't seen him look like that in the jewelry store that day, I..." Barbara seemed to be blaming him.

"You're not a doctor." Charles sighed when he knew she cared about Patrick.

In fact, even doctors could do nothing if patients were restless.

"Barbara, you don't want to drive after him in the middle of the night, do you? Do you want to follow Patrick?" Charles paused and then said, "Don't go..."

"Patrick has his own plans."

A man like Patrick never needed pity.

"No matter how capable Patrick is, he is only one person. He just recovered from his fever. He drove to F City in the middle of the night and didn't bring any bodyguards with him. What if anything happened!"

Barbara shouted anxiously. She rarely behaved in such an anxious manner.

Charles looked at her, especially at her slightly red eyes dotted with tears, something seemed to make sense to him. He was a little surprised.

"Actually, you're not Derek's girlfriend at all. You like Patrick. Are you looking for an excuse to get close to him?"

Barbara looked at him guiltily, "I, I just care about him..."

She did not admit it nor deny it.

Without further questioning, Charles suddenly said, "Barbara, what Patrick told us just now at dinner... He was warning us not to mention his illness to Christina."

"Do you think because you can know that and Christina can't, so you're more important than her?"

He directly strode past her.

The two waiters at the club door bent down and opened the door politely and respectfully. After this light warning, Charles walked out directly without looking back.

"Barbara, there's one thing you should know. Christina can't know the thing

about Patrick, but you, you don't need to know from the beginning. Do you understand?"

In the quiet night, the small sound was so clear.

Barbara stood still in her place.

The sense and calmness she possessed for her high position were all gone instantly.

"Did I give less than her, did I give less than Christina -" She screamed out, losing control over herself, tears streaming down her cheeks.

Why -

She had given so much and worked so hard for so many years -

"Christina can't know, and you... You never need to know!"

## Chapter 188

Christina didn't sleep well last night.

She fell asleep in the early morning, tossing and turning in bed, with many weird dreams. When she woke up, it was almost 11:00.

The whole apartment was quiet.

She got out of bed in a daze and went into the bathroom to wash up. She remembered that Crystal yelled before leaving this morning, "I'm going to earn a living". She realized Crystal had gone to the interview. No wonder it was so quiet.

Ding-dong.

Ding-dong.



When the doorbells rang twice, Christina was startled for a moment. When she came back to her senses, she immediately perked herself up and then walked to the door. Someone rang the doorbell.

"I think you deliver to the wrong person."

The takeaway deliveryman and she looked at each other. "I didn't order anything."

"I sent it to the order address. The door number is correct."

She looked at the meal box with the Gordon Hotel logo on it. It was the delicious Thai fried rice. Who ordered such an expensive dish for her?

"Miss, our company stipulates that all the orders must be delivered within 30 minutes, otherwise my salary will be deducted. Would you please sign for it first?"

The delivery boy was a little anxious.

"Oh." Christina would not put him in a difficult position. Then she pleasantly held her 'lunch'.

She thought that it was Crystal who ordered it.

Christina was so touched that she opened the packages quickly and sat down at the small round table.

In general, there would be shrimp and cuttlefish. Crab sticks smelt good after

stir-frying. There were also pineapple and eggs. However, she found that the fried rice had little seafood, which she could not eat too much as she was pregnant. The shrimp was very tasty, and the Thailand pineapple was very authentic and sweet. What surprises her was that there were no eggs, for she did not eat eggs.

"Crystal is perfect for being a nanny-and-housekeeper..."

She was sure it was Crystal who ordered her food, otherwise, how could anybody know so well that she didn't eat eggs?

She took a few mouthfuls with a spoon and thought about what happened last night.

Last night she called Charles. At first, she wanted to inquire something about Patrick, but he inexplicably hung up the phone.

After eating half of it, she put down her spoon and got her phone.

She wanted to clearly know what he tried to hide. But just as she picked up her phone, Charles seemed to be more urgent than her.

"Christina, where did you get the jade pendant?"

On the other end of the phone, he asked aggressively as soon as he spoke out.

"What the hell are you doing?" She had no idea what he was talking about.

Charles lowered his voice and explained, "I mean, the half-moon blood jade in your rosewood box..."

Christina was stunned and did not reply.

Her half-moon blood jade, in the rosewood box.

"How did you know?" Her voice was a little low, with a mix of hesitation and anger. "Charles, are you polite? My box is locked. I left it in Hopkins Family. How did you..."

How would he know?

Suddenly, her pupils were constricted. Did Patrick find her box?

"Why didn't you take my stuff without asking me? What's wrong with you?" Obviously, she was angry.

She was mad at the intrusion, of course. She never wanted to tell anyone about the wooden box.

Even though you don't want to talk about it, you have to!

Charles called her in an urgency, trying to let her confess, "Christina, your jade is very special. It is very clear and transparent with bright blood red. It's a very precious jade species. It is half-moon carving, so there should be a total of two which combined into a circle..."

Charles knew these antiques very well, so when he looked at the jade in the

wooden box, he felt something was wrong.

This was usually the jade that big families used to decide children's marriage. Now, there are still some old people in the circle who like to give these precious and inherited jade to their descendants for generations.

Christina was shocked because he was right.

That jade was used for the engagement.

"It's none of your business!" She retorted, attempting to reject his words.

When Charles heard her stubborn tone, he immediately lost his temper

and shouted, "Patrick has been busy with this jade recently!"

She held the phone in her hand with a little surprise and confusion.

She wanted to say something, but suddenly there was a sharp pain in her abdomen.

It was so painful -

She broke out in cold sweat and felt weak all over.

The phone fell to the floor, and then there came a loud bang.

Charles was also stunned and began to shout anxiously, "Hey, what happened to you..."



"Christina!"

Charles was terrified and shouted several times, but there was no response on the other end of the phone.

"What happened all of a sudden?"

"She was fine last night..."

Halfway through the interview, Crystal received a call from Charles with the news that something had happened to Christina. She was so scared, therefore, she left directly and rushed home.

"I'm fine," the woman in the hospital bed said in a weak tone.

"How dare you talk like this. Shut up!"

Charles was so angry that he almost fainted in anger. He glared at the trouble maker and complained, "Christina, your brain must have been bitten by a donkey. How dare you eat a free lunch without knowing who ordered it!"

He was scared out of his wits just now. If something really happened to this Christina, what would he do to make up for the Hopkinses?

Fortunately, it was just a case of eating the wrong thing and having an upset stomach.

"How would I know? As soon as I got up, someone brought me the takeout."

Christina muttered with a guilty retort.

In fact, she was scared when her stomach was in pain. She didn't care about it herself, but if there was anything that happened to her twin sons, she would regret it to death.

"I thought Crystal ordered it for me."

Crystal was expressionless and said. "You think too much."

The fried rice in Gordon Hotel was so expensive, how could she, Crystal, voluntarily undertake it?

"I'll be careful next time."

Christina had to blame herself. She looked up at them, with a heavier voice. "You can't tell Patrick about this. You can't tell Grandpa about it. No one is allowed to tell!"

At least not now, or she will be scolded.

Charles did not want to be responsible for it, so he grunted unhappily and walked out of the ward. Seeing her face was gradually returning to normal, Crystal breathed a sigh of relief and walked out with Charles for her to sleep quietly.

"Christina can be very stubborn sometimes, but she knows the bottom line. It was just an accident this time."

As she left the ward, Crystal explained to Charles in a low voice. She wanted to help her friend so that Christina didn't have to be scolded by the people in Hopkins Family.

"She will really be careful next time."

Christina is not as wild and spoiled as it was said. In fact, she just pretends to be strong. She is very soft-hearted."

Crystal was so righteous that she almost swore on Christina's behalf.

"Patrick can't do anything about her. What do you think I can do to her?"

Now, Christina was fine and Charles was relieved. He recovered his usual smile on his face. He took two cups of hot coffee from his men and handed her one.

He quipped, "You and Christina are intimate."

Crystal took his hot coffee, and when she heard him say that, her expression immediately became painful, "Never

make a bad friend."

She took a sip of her coffee. They were really anxious just now, and presently they were so thirsty. In fact, rich kids like Charles were quite reasonable and considerate.

"Who gave her the takeout? Do you have any idea?"

"No." Crystal really didn't know.

But as long as Christina was fine, Charles could directly send someone to the hotel to investigate the matter, which was indeed easy. But now he was bothered by another thing.

Charles looked at her and thought for a while. "You know Christina so well, so had she ever mentioned her jade to

you?"

## Chapter 189

"Christina's jade?"

"A half-moon blood jade... I have no idea about it. She didn't tell me."

Crystal was puzzled by the question.

But the Mr. Shepherd seemed unwilling to let her go, so she added, "Christina did tell me something weird that happened to her recently."

"Something weird?"

Charles was a little discouraged because he didn't get any useful information about the jade from her. Something weird couldn't arouse his interest.



"Well, she said that she received two text messages on her phone..."

"One came on a rainy day, telling her to go to a cocktail party in Gordon Hotel. It was sent by Patrick. The other came yesterday, telling her to go to the Golden. A Club, which was sent by Barbara..."

Crystal tried to make it as detailed as possible.

She was worried. The strange takeout from nobody really freak her out. She was indeed lucky to marry a rich man like Patrick. But if this marriage would be a threat to Christina's life, what could she do?

"Barbara asked her to go to the Golden. A Club?"

Charles was confused. He thought about it for a while and then shook his head, "Impossible."

Crystal wasn't satisfied with his reaction.

"You don't believe her, do you? But she doesn't have to lie. Even if there's a misunderstanding, we should trust her... To be honest, she wouldn't even care about Barbara if she hadn't provoked her all the time..."

"What did Barbara say to Christina in private?"

"I don't know."

Crystal replied moodily. Christina didn't tell her.

"How could Barbara bully her? We all know Christina's personality. She's so vivacious and outgoing." Charles still couldn't believe it.

Now Crystal was annoyed.

"Hey, don't take it for granted that you rich people know everything. It's true that Miss Parker didn't hurt her with knife or something. She did it with all her tart mockery and sarcasm, which are sharp enough to hurt people like a knife. You think Christina was fine because she didn't say anything about it to anyone. You are wrong. I've known her for many years, and she didn't mention a word to me about how badly her stepmother treated her after her own mother had killed herself, how she was disliked by the Dickens Family, or

how Cory had ignored her for the whole three years. It was just not her style to complain things to other people. She'd rather endure it by herself. How can you consider that as the evidence that she didn't get hurt!"

Charles was stunned by her scolding.

He couldn't help to size her up. Crystal used to be such a gentle lady. That was why he was so surprised to see her talk like that. People could be easily influenced, so she was probably influenced by Christina.

The corridor of the inpatient department suddenly quieted down.

Crystal started to feel embarrassed now and turned over quietly. She said those things just on impulse. Normally

she wouldn't have the guts to yell at these people from the "upper class".

She just thought it was unfair to Christina, no matter who was behind the weird text messages or the takeout.

No one in the "upper-class" circle trusted her.

"I'll talk to Patrick about these when he comes back."

Charles didn't mind being criticized by her though. He cleared his throat to break the ice, and replied to her peacefully.

"... Thank you."

Crystal was surprised to see the Mr.

Shepherd being so nice.

She was just worrying if he would get angry and threaten her or something. Fortunately he didn't... She swore that she was just acting on impulse.

To prevent herself from accidentally offending these people again, Crystal decided to leave. She went back to the ward, leaving a polite excuse behind, "I'll go see Christina..."

Christina was having a sound sleep at the moment. She had a poor sleep last night and suffered from that weird takeout.

Crystal didn't wake her up. She walked around and drew the curtains closed so that the sunshine wouldn't affect Christina's sleep. It was already at

dusk. It occurred to her that she hadn't eaten anything for lunch. Her interview was ruined too. What a day!

Se turned around and decided to go outside and get herself something to eat.

Just in time, a nurse came in with a cart and some injections.

Crystal glanced at the injection. There were some small notes in English on it that she failed to read. The injections in the hospital must be safe.

She walked past the nurse. They nodded politely at each other. Then she left the ward.

"Let's go eat something together. There's a good Chinese restaurant on

the main road..."

Charles, who happened to be at the end of the corridor, had just hung up his phone and waved at her.

Crystal wasn't sure whether she should follow him.

She never thought of taking advantage of anyone, especially these rich boys.

"What are you worried about?"

Charles looked innocent. "I promise I'm not planning on anything that would do harm to you. So don't worry. And plus: Christina warned me a long time ago that I mustn't go after you. I'm innocent, you see."

That "I'm innocent" made Crystal want



to laugh.

Since he said so, it would be unreasonable for her to refuse his invitation. Crystal followed him into the elevator.

Soon they reached the parking lot. Charles had always been a gentleman in front of women. He opened the door for her, and they drove to find something delicious.

Crystal frowned as she watched him driving further and further away. "Can we just eat around here? I don't want to leave Christina to alone in the hospital." she advised.

"You really care about her?"

Charles couldn't help to wonder. How

could a violent woman like Christina become friends with this soft lady? Perhaps she was forced to be her friend. Well, if that was the case, he kind of felt sorry for Crystal.

The car drove all the way out of the hospital and turned towards the main road.

"Don't worry about Christina. She's just eaten something bad. As the doctor said, all she needs to do is get two bottles of intravenous fluids and have some rest. I'm sure she'll be fine..."

"Just two bottles?"

Suddenly Crystal sat up straight and looked at him with a complicated expression on her face.

Charles was puzzled by her reaction. He nodded. "Yes, and she's already done with the fluids intravenously after she was sent to the hospital. She's having a good rest there. All we need to do now is to get some porridge for her and then come back to the hospital and take her home..."

Crystal became more and more frightened. Her words were full of anxiety. "Turn around -"

"What?"

"Turn the car around immediately! We have to go back to the hospital -"

She hurriedly grabbed Charles's hand, trying to control the steering wheel. She was so nervous that her voice sounded sharper than ever. "Hurry

back to the hospital -"

"What's wrong?"

Charles became nervous as well. There wasn't time to ask her to explain all these. He turned the car around and sped towards the hospital, leaving things such as traffic rules all behind.

The car was casually parked in front of the hospital.

The two people got out of the car and strode towards the inpatient department.

Footsteps pattered as Crystal frantically pushed the elevator button. She was worried to death.

"Take the stairs..."

She had no time to wait for the elevator to come. Charles grabbed her arm when she intended to run to the stairs on the left. He comforted her. "Christina is fine. Don't be too nervous..."

"But, but I... I saw a nurse going into her ward with several bottles of fluid medicine when I left there..."

## Chapter 190

"It's on the 13th floor. Are you really going to take the stairs?"

"Wait a minute, the elevator is coming."

Charles didn't look well either. He grabbed the impulsive woman beside him and looked at the elevator door that was slowly opening in front of him.

There were a lot of patients in the public hospitals recently. They came and went, looking hurried.

An injured person in the wheelchair and a person with the checklist in his hand walked out of the elevator quickly. The elevator finally arrived and Crystal rushed in immediately.

She quickly pressed on the 13th floor of the elevator and stomped her feet, staring at the numbers displayed on the elevator's screen.

Charles was dragged by her, and his expensive clothes messed up, which made him look a little awkward.

"Isn't Christina's phone in the ward? Call her first. You're as anxious as if she's going to die." He complained unintentionally.

Crystal turned around and glared at him. "Hey, don't talk nonsense."

How could he talk about death in the hospital? It was really ominous.

But Crystal really forgot to call Christina in a hurry. Crystal took out

her cell phone from her coat pocket and quickly called Christina.

Ding-

The phone rang.

But it was the phone in Charles's pocket that vibrated.

"Hello?"

Crystal looked at Charles who was on the phone with some resentment. Crystal was so anxious, and Christina didn't answer her call. Crystal pressed the screen a little hard and continued to redial.

"The signal in the elevator is not good. I'm anxious now... Can you coax your lovers later..." Crystal thought that



Charles, the playboy, was probably talking to his girlfriend on the phone.

"It's Patrick," Charles replied coldly.

Crystal was surprised and immediately shut up.

Just then, the elevator stopped on the 5th floor. Soon, a loud noise came from outside the elevator, accompanied by some sad cries. Someone shouted frantically, "Get out of the way, get out of the way..."

An iron hospital bed was pushed in. There was a person lying on the bed whose face could not be seen clearly because his whole body was covered with white sheets, and even his head was covered.

The person on the hospital bed had already passed away, and soon a large number of the family members of the deceased rushed in. The elevator was so crowded that the people inside could not turn around.

Crystal's heart seemed to be pinched by something, and uneasiness rose in her mind again.

At this speed, when could she reach the 13th floor?

"Where are you going? I said Christina would be fine!"

Charles suddenly shouted at Crystal with an angry expression and had to run out with her.

"Where are you now?"

Charles panted as he climbed the stairs, talking to the man on the other end of the phone uneasily. "In the hospital."

"... Patrick, it's not what you think," Charles explained quickly. "Christina ate the wrong thing in the morning. Her friend sent her over to have an intravenous drip. She's fine now. It's just that Crystal seems to have delusion of persecution."

"Take care of her."

Patrick said it in a low voice on the other end of the phone. As Charles heard it, he sped up and inexplicably became more anxious.

It took only a few minutes to run from

the 5th floor of the inpatient department to the 13th floor. Just a few minutes.

Fortunately, there were not many people on this spacious staircase. All the passers-by were in a hurry, and everyone was silent. All around the way, they ran up the stairs as fast as they could, panting. The staircase echoed the sound of their anxious footsteps.

In the ward, Christina heard some slight sounds of footsteps approaching her.

The footsteps were very light.

Christina was in a daze when she fell asleep. It seemed that it was already past dusk now. The heavy curtains of

the separate ward were closed. But why were the lights not turned on? It was so dark.

"Crystal, what time is it?"

Christina knew someone was approaching her bed.

"I'm fine now. Let me be discharged later. I don't like the smell of disinfectant in the hospital..."

"I'm sorry to ruin your interview today. By the way, you don't seem to have eaten anything at noon. Let's ask Charles to treat us to a big meal."

Only Christina was speaking, and the person did not respond.

Therefore, Christina frowned and

raised her head. "Crystal..." (What's wrong with you?)

But as she was about to say it, Christina could not see anything clearly. She only felt a figure standing at the head of her bed.

Ah-

Fears, screams, and cries for help could only be suppressed in Christina's throat.

The person picked up the pillow and pressed it directly on Christina's face. The person pressed it down very hard with a strong force. Christina's face turned pale all of a sudden. She couldn't breathe smoothly and gradually became suffocated.

## Chapter 191

Let me go, let me go...

Let me go...

"Can you let me rest for a while?"

At this moment, Charles on the other side of the stairs was in a terrible mess. It was the first time he had climbed the stairs like this. He supported his weak legs with both hands and called out weakly to the woman in front of him.

"Why are you so weak?"

Crystal was also very breathless. After she became a white-collar worker, she often took the elevator and rarely exercised.

"I suggest you don't get too involved with Christina. Ouch... You women are too troublesome..."

"What can happen to Christina, Miss Zhu? You really like to worry too much."

Charles complained in a low voice, straightened up, and looked at the number of the 12th floor, which meant he had to continue to climb the stairs.

"Maybe I was thinking too much."  
Crystal's voice was muffled.

Crystal really liked to worry about things since she was a child. Most of the things were imagined by her. She couldn't help it. That was her personality.



"Come on, we'll arrive soon." Charles didn't dawdle anymore. He had to explain to Patrick later, but he couldn't help but curse. "Damn it, we still have to walk past a long corridor."

"If Christina is fine, let's just let her leave the hospital and go out for dinner with us." Crystal also walked fast.

"What can happen to her?" Charles said angrily.

Christina didn't know what had happened...

Christina had been lying in this ward all afternoon and was still very weak. The sudden attack caught her off guard.

Christina raised her hands and tried desperately to push the person away.

Her right hand had already grabbed the person's wrist, which was very slender and fair, like a woman's arm.

Taking advantage of the situation, Christina tried to grab the person fiercely to resist, but her strength was weak and she could not break free.

Knock-

Suddenly, a clear voice sounded.

It seemed that the crystal beads of a woman's bracelet fell to the floor.

Christina could feel the hesitation of the person for a moment. The person seemed to want to pick up the bracelet on the floor.

Christina was breathing hard and her

lips were already pale. She struggled in pain and twisted her head, trying to get more oxygen.

However, the person seemed determined to kill her. Suddenly, the person's whole body fell down and pressed hard on Christina's head.

At this moment, Christina could not breathe at all. Her brain began to lack oxygen and her consciousness began to blur.

Christina's resistance and struggle gradually became weaker and weaker.

Suddenly, Christina's whole body collapsed and her hands drooped...

"Why is this ward so dark?"

Even Charles felt something strange and his heart beat a little faster. "Don't worry, just go in." But the door was locked.

Crystal shouted anxiously, "Christina!"

Bang-

The door was kicked open by Charles, and the two of them broke in.

Their eyes widened in surprise.

Who?

There was a person standing by Christina's bed...

Crystal stammered, "You... Who are you?"

Who was the person...

"Derek Fisher."

Charles muttered this strange but familiar name in surprise.

"Thanks God..."

"You don't know that I was so scared in the afternoon. I tried my best to climb the stairs..."

Crystal paused for a moment. It was already 11 o'clock in the evening. Christina had been extremely quiet as she went back to Crystal's apartment after they finished all the formalities in the hospital.

"Christina, did anything happen before I arrived at the ward? Why was Derek

there..."

"Where did you get the crystal bracelet you've been holding... It looks a little familiar."

It was a quiet night.

The incandescent lights overhead were brightly shining on them. However, only Crystal's voice echoed.

Christina had been quiet all the time with her lips pursed.

The amethyst bracelet, which had already been broken, was held tightly in her palm.

Seeing that Christina didn't want to say anything more, Crystal sighed without asking further.

She turned to look at her door and muttered, "What's wrong with Charles? Why did he get two bodyguards standing outside my door? The neighbors must think something big had happened to my house..."

Christina suddenly stood up and walked towards the door.

Crystal immediately grabbed her arm. "Where are you going? It's midnight!"